Eagle Point Historical Society
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OREGON BACKWOODS MANHUNT

It was the longest and most eerie manhunt in Oregon history. The search covered over 50 square miles of rugged, forested country near the Jackson-Douglas County line. The locals still remember the long hunt for the fugitive George Baker Dunkin.

Story by Barbara Hegne. Photo: Officer Charlie Offenbacher

Editor:
Barbara Hegne

Inside.....

Backwoods Manhunt	Pages 2-6
Photos From The Past	Page 7
Museum Happenings	Page 8
Historical News	Page 9
Native American Program Scheduled	Page 10
Annual Potluck & Membership Drive	Page 11

BACKWOODS MANHUNT

by Barbara Hegne

It was the longest and most eerie manhunt in Oregon history. The search covered over 50 square miles of rugged forested country near the Jackson-Douglas County line. It spread across a volcanic mountain region with bluffs dropping as much as 300 feet. Scattered throughout the area were numerous mine shafts that could provide a perfect refuge for anyone on the run. The man hunt began in June 1952, and for nearly three months small parties of police searched hidden trails through the remote forests of the Umpqua divide. Often they found signs of campfires and they believed the person they were looking for was silently watching every move they made.

Portrait of a Wanted Man

George Dunkin Baker was a 69 year old miner & trapper. He had lived in the remote backwoods of the upper Elk Creek for over 20 years and he knew every inch of this primitive country. He mentally marked every tree, every trail, and he had pioneered trails in backwoods unknown to anyone else. This unfriendly mountain man made his living mining, and from bounties of cougars and bob cats he trapped. He was such a crack shot with a rifle, he only had to carry one box of shells at a time.

Dunkin was a small man, 5 feet, 6 inches tall, 140 pounds, with hazel eyes, greying hair and several missing teeth. Dunkin was a bachelor who chose the solitude of the forest where his only companion was an old hunting dog. When he was on a hunt, he'd stay at various cabins and shelters throughout the forest only accessible on foot or horseback. Most of these shelters Dunkin built himself. His main cabin was near the Buzzard Mine (Al Serena), about 12 miles up Elk Creek, and a mile off the road, nestled in a canyon.

In 1940, Dunkin staked a quartz claim in the Buzzard mining district and called it the "Buddy" mine. Dunkin had an ingenious mining method to extract the gold from the clay. He took the hood of an old car and built a fire underneath it. Then he had a 50 gallon drum with a crank that he churned and cranked out the gold.

Dunkin hunted deer regardless of the season. He wasn't unusual in this habit, many old timers hung onto the belief that God put deer in the forest for people to eat. The authorities always had problems with the woodspeople who lived "out" in the small communities of Elk Creek, Trail, Prospect and Butte Falls. From the time their ancestors settled the county, hunting the forests for food was a way of life. When the game laws passed, most country folk ignored them.

Dunkin was very accurate with a rifle. One time he went hunting with his nephew and shot a deer in the head 100 yards away. After killing the deer, he told his nephew he shot him in the head so he wouldn't waste any meat.

North to Alaska

Dunkin, and a partner, went to Alaska on a gold mining adventure. In 1926, he came back to Elk Creek alone. He had developed frequent temporary 'spells' of paranoia. During the 'spells' he became moody and suspicious. For some reason, he became agitated by a policeman's uniform and he had the notion that the law was after him. This attitude made people wonder what actually happened when he was in Alaska.

One Summer Day, 1952

Nels Olsen was a Norwegian who lived on Elk Creek. He was hired to work for the Forest service because of his knowledge of the country, and his ability to handle pack horses. At one time, Nels and Dunkin were best friends, but something changed that. Dunkin got caught poaching, and he thought Nels turned him in.

In June, Nels and his trail crew, Jack Randolph and art Higgins, were camped and working near Dunkin's cabin at Grub Box Gap. On Sunday morning, June 22, at 6 AM, the trail crew was awakened by a loud voice. There stood Dunkin in the middle of the camp. He had his rifle pointed, and he was yelling "Stool Pigeons" and Forest Service Detectives". He was sputtering and swearing and threatened to shoot them if they didn't clear out of the area. The crew left the area and moved to their new camp at Medicine Rock Road. This incident left the crew shaken and on their guard.

On Tuesday morning, Dunkin stopped to visit Clifford Pettis, a neighbor who lived in a cabin at the junction of the Al Serena Mine and Elk Creek Road. Dunkin always carried his 30-30 rifle, and his 22 revolver in a side holster. However, this particular morning, instead of laying his rifle on the table, he sat down, and placed it across his knees. Pettis could see he was visibly upset. Dunkin told Pettis he was mad at the Forest Service workers for spying on him. He also mentioned that he was plumb burned up at Fred Altland, the caretaker of the Al Serena Mines property. After a short talk, Dunkin started down the road toward his cabin.

As Dunkin came around a sharp bend, he met Nels Olsen face to face. Nels could feel his heart beat wildly as Dunkin pointed his rifle at his head and threatened to shoot. Nels told him the law would get him if he pulled the trig-

ger. Slowly Dunkin lowered his rifle to Nels stomach and threatened to shoot him in the belly. Nels couldn't spit out his words fast enough and he talked as fast as he could trying to convince Dunkin to put his gun down. Dunkin knew he had the lead as he lowered the gun further down to Nels' feet and finally pulled the trigger. The sound rang through the forest and Nels felt the bullet as it blew his heel off his boot. Nels hopped around and jumped behind a big Sugar pine tree. Dunkin told him to go on up the road and Nels said, "If you will stop shooting, I will go." Dunkin agreed, and Nels hurried up the road as Dunkin stormed off in the opposite direction. Nels tried to get in the Guard Station, but to his disappointment, it was locked. He wasn't sure where Dunkin was, and he needed to either hide or keep on the move. Nels hailed a logger traveling the road and borrowed his car. Nels drove to the Trail store and called Lowell Ash, the District Ranger. Lowell notified the state police.

The Officers Knew Dunkin Well.

State Police officers Phil Lowd, age 54, and Charles Offenbacher, age 29, drove to Elk Creek and walked to Dunkin's cabin. Dunkin was sitting on the porch with his gun across his knees. Lowd hollered "Hello George." Dunkin replied, "Come on over." Lowd turned to Offenbacher and said, "This is going to be easy son." The officers walked through the brush until they were about 75 feet of the cabin. Dunkin stood and met them face to face with his 30-30 rifle leveled. Dunkin spoke first, and told them they were close enough, then he said "I had ought to shoot both of you, you dirty ___ right here, but I'll give you a chance to leave."

Lowd, looking relaxed, and trying to make light of the situation, took a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and offered one to Dunkin. "Come on George and have a cigarette with me and let's talk this over."

Dunkin was enraged, "I like cigarettes, but I won't smoke one with a dirty ____ _____ like you. The last time I smoked a cigarette with you, you took me to jail, and I hate your guts."

Dunkin was referring to the time a year earlier, when Lowd had arrested him for illegal possession of game animals. Dunkin was fined $50.

Lowd looked at Offenbacher and quietly said, "What shall we do, I haven't run into this sort of thing for quite awhile." Offenbacher said it was up to him, he was the boss. Lowd said, "We had better back off and reorganize and figure something out."

The officers retreated and drove down the road where they radioed the Medford office. After a brief discussion, Lowd decided to go back and arrest Dunkin. The two officers, and Lowel Ash, and Jack Randolph, started back to the cabin. The police handed Lowell a rifle and gave Randolph a Colt 38.

At 7:30 PM, the officers arrived at the junction of the Bitter Lick Road and the trail to Dunkin's cabin. The men separated at 25 foot intervals. When they were about 175 yards from the cabin, they could see Dunkin on the porch shaking out a blanket. Lowd and Offenbacher were about 10 feet apart with Lowd closest to the cabin. Lowd hollered, "Hey George, come on over." Dunkin started cursing, dropped the blanket and quickly disappeared inside the cabin. He came back with his rifle. Both officers opened fire, shooting several shots over Dunkin's head. Dunkin jumped off the side of the porch and ran into the thick brush. Five long minutes passed silently. Lowd said to Offenbacher, "He has left the country."

Just then a shot rang out and the bullet struck the hill behind the officers. Lowd turned to Offenbacher and opened his mouth to speak when a bullet hit him in the head killing him instantly.

Neither Lowell Ash nor Jack Randolph saw Phil Lowd get shot or fall. It was exactly 7:25 PM. Offenbacher hollered that Lowd had been shot and for everyone to clear out immediately. The men cut across the countryside on the run and returned to their cars. Several other officers had just arrived.

Phil Lowd

Officer Phil Lowd had the reputation of being a fearless law enforcer. He was known throughout the state as an officer who would walk up to an armed man and arrest him. He worked as a state forest patrol warden for 25 years before joining the state police in 1932.

Charlie Offenbacher

Charlie was a well liked officer popular with the truckers. He worked patrol on Highways 99, 238, 62 and the Siskiyous. He did campaign security for Jerry Ford, Richard Nixon, and he was chauffeur for Jerry Brown. Charlie, and his folks, had known Phil Lowd for many years. The killing affected Charlie for the rest of his life.

On The Run

When Dunkin ran from his cabin that day, he was wearing light clothes, no socks and warn out slippers. The very next morning, he went back to his cabin and picked up supplies. State Police Captain Parsons, ordered Dunkin's cabin destroyed. His order claimed that the cabin was "virtually a fortress and would afford an excellent place of protection, where had the accused so fortified himself, it would have, in all probability, taken additional life, to have taken the accused into custody."

The police officers burned Dunkin's cabin and all the deserted shacks and lean-tos in the area. In addition, they tossed tear gas into several mine shafts in hopes of flushing Dunkin out.

It was if Dunkin prayed for rain, and it came in the form of a downpour. The unending water caused a slide of thick mud at the head of Elk Creek that jammed the creek. The ground became water soaked and Elk Creek flooded. When the mud slide broke through, the water raced forward carrying boulders, brush, trees and debris for miles. One officer said the area was extremely difficult to cover under normal conditions, but that now they "couldn't get within 20 miles."

On July 2, the state police hired Raymond Harris, an expert guide and

woodsman from Enterprise, Ore. He was paid to search for Dunkin for six days, but Dunkin was not found.

A search party believed it would be murder to go in after Dunkin when he knew the rugged country so well. They set up a base camp with six officers searching 24 hours. While two officers were at the camp, Dunkin hid behind a log and stole their lunches underneath their noses.

Calling it a "Killer Hunt", officers from the Roseburg area helped in the search. Light aircraft flew over isolated cabins and forest service lookouts looking for signs of smoke. They were able to direct the officers to several cabins situated on the north side of the Umpqua Divide.

Weeks went by with no clues to the whereabouts of Dunkin. Officers were stumped as how to catch Dunkin, and they admitted if he could kill a deer, he could live off the land indefinitely.

Dunkin The Hermit

Dunkin had relatives and a few friends on Elk Creek. A neighbor, Mrs. Larson, told of an earlier conversation with Dunkin when he had told her, he saw God in the trees, flowers and streams. She said Dunkin was well read on Astronomy and had studied the stars and nature. Mrs. Larson lived within a half mile of Dunkin, and she said it was common practice for anyone approaching his cabin to sound their horn to keep from getting shot. Emil Zimmerlee took a newspaper to him occasionally and would put it on a tree near his cabin. Several residents claimed to have been threatened by Dunkin. Also the police removed Fred Altland, the caretaker of the Al Serena Mine, because Dunkin had such an intense dislike for him, they feared he might attack him.

Needle In A Haystack

The search was further complicated by Dunkin's woodswisdom and ability to move about unhindered. A month went by and the police brought in dogs trained in K-9 service. A reward of $300 was offered for the capture of Dunkin to anyone not affiliated with the police dept.

July and August had record 100 degree temperatures. On August 1st, a 35 acre fire burned on Elk Creek. Some people thought Dunkin had started the fire. He had been blamed for starting 19 forest fires in the Elk Creek area, of the Rogue River National Forest, the summer of 1951. Since the timber was Federally owned, the F.B.I. investigated. At that time, Officer Lowd had arrested Dunkin on a charge of killing a game animal in closed season. Dunkin was also questioned about the fires, but due to lack of evidence, he was freed. Lowd's report said, "It is the opinion of the writer (Lowd), and others connected with the case, that he (Dunkin) is the guilty party, but all evidence to date is purely circumstantial and not sufficient to secure a complaint or conviction."

Captain Parson agreed that Dunkin would be blamed for everything that happened in that part of the country, but he said he did not believe Dunkin would start a fire so close to the road. On August 5th, the State Forestry Service spotted a fire near the head of Elk Creek on Brush Creek. Upon investigation, they found Dunkin's deserted camp. There were small shoe prints and Dunkin was known to wear a 6 1/2 shoe. Nearby lay a bed of moss, boughs and ferns. In a small stream were scattered strips of meat and beef jerky. It was thought Dunkin's campfire got out of control and he ran.

Two months into the search, officers became frustrated and decided to try a new tactic. They hired special state officer Russel Maw to help track Dunkin. The press was asked to cooperate in keeping this move quiet.

Another Man of the Woods

Officer Maw and Dunkin were alike in many ways. Maw had lived in the woods most of his life. The slim part-Indian officer dressed himself in denim pants, moccasins and a buckskin jacket. The first two weeks he lived just like Dunkin tracking him during the day and sleeping out on the trail at night. Maw caught fish and killed a bear for food. One day Maw spotted Dunkin with his field glasses about 1/4 mile away. This was the only time Maw actually saw Dunkin. Maw claimed he narrowly missed death when he thought Dunkin hid in ambush. He believed the reason Dunkin didn't kill him was because Dunkin was short on ammunition.

Dunkin's Story

The June evening of Lowd's killing, Dunkin was sitting in his cabin when he heard voices. He looked out the cabin door and saw two officers. He grabbed his rifle and when he stepped in the doorway, two shots rang out. Dunkin claimed to be "Mad and scared." He said, "I grabbed my rifle, ran out of their line of vision and shot one shot in the direction from which they had been shooting." As Dunkin jumped off the porch he injured his leg, but he kept running and disappeared in the woods.

The next morning, Dunkin returned to his cabin and got a pair of mackinaw shoes, salt pork, flour, sugar, a frying pan and some balsam for his wound. He was in such a hurry, he forgot to get a knife, so he used a can lid for a knife to cut his meat. He shredded bear steaks before eating them because he only had a few teeth. When his food got down to sugar and flour, he mixed them with water and drank it. He was 45 days without salt until he found some stock salt on a log.

With his food supply gone he lived on green hazel nuts for eight days. As he was climbing a ledge, he came face to face with a bear. Being a crack shot he killed the bear with one pull of the trigger and rolled the bear back to camp.

Dunkin had several camps all within a seven mile area between his own cabin and his nephew, Wes Miller's cabin near Persist. Dunkin visited his nephew and got some supplies. It was at this time that Dunkin learned he had killed Lowd. Now he knew why there was such an intensive search for him with dogs and

airplanes. It was about 2 1/2 months before Dunkin went to Miller's cabin for supplies again. Miller begged Dunkin to give himself up, but Dunkin was afraid the police would lynch him or beat him to death.

Miller gave Dunkin food, but told him to come back later for ammunition. In the meantime, Miller went to a nearby cabin where Maw was staked out and told him Dunkin would be coming back. Maw moved to Miller's cabin for the long wait.

The Capture

A week later on Sept. 18, at 7:30 AM, Dunkin handed Miller some bear meat and asked for the ammunition. Miller took the meat and Dunkin's rifle and headed toward the cabin. As they neared the cabin, Maw stepped out from behind some bushes and told Dunkin he was under arrest. Dunkin turned to run, but Maw yelled, "Halt" and Miller held Dunkin's own gun on him. Dunkin looked surprised at the man dressed in mountaineer's clothing. He asked him if he was a law officer. Maw said yes and produced some handcuffs. Dunkin realized the end had come and he said, "Well, I guess that's it."

For his part in helping catch his uncle, Wes Miller received the $300 reward money. Although Dunkin didn't hold a grudge against his nephew for turning him in, many old timers on the creek did. The people in the wilds of the Elk Creek area had been rooting for Dunkin during his long escape, and some didn't believe he fired the fatal shot that killed Lowd. They blamed everyone, even the other officers, but they did not put the blame on Dunkin.

Dunkin was pale and thin and his beard had grown bushy in the three months on the run. He complained his leg hurt and he said he was glad the running was over.

Dunkin was questioned extensively, and he claimed that he did not know Lowd had been killed until Miller told him. On September 20, Dunkin was taken to the scene of the murder. He reenacted the crime and claimed he only fired one shot in the direction of the officers. He insisted he did not see Officer Lowd. The officers found two empty Remington 30-30 shells at the spot where Dunkin said he hid in the brush. Since this entire area had been throughly search by the law, some Elk Creek folks thought these shells had been planted after the murder in an effort to implicate Dunkin.

Dunkin was represented by Attorney Edward Kelly. On September 26, the proceedings started 45 minutes before the scheduled time and the courtroom was only about one-third full. The early time set-up was to prevent any uproar from folks on Dunkin's side.

Dunkin said he was too ill to undergo the strain of a prolonged trial and he pled guilty. District Attorney, Paul Haviland recommended a second murder degree charge. It took only 20 minutes to enter the plea and pronounce a sentence of life in prison. Dunkin would be eligible for parole in seven to eight years.

Dunkin was in good spirits after receiving the life sentence. He kept referring to the killing as an accident, and said it was "something a man could never forget, no matter how long he lives." Talking about his long stay in the woods, he said he had no idea that hunger could hang on so long. Dunkin only had

Top: George Baker Dunkin after capture.
Bottom: Dunkin handcuffed and taken to jail. On left District Attorney, Paul Haviland. On right Sargeant Bill Colbert.

three teeth and seemed to fear not getting enough to eat. Dunkin said he had received "fine treatment" since being lodged in the county jail.

Aftermath

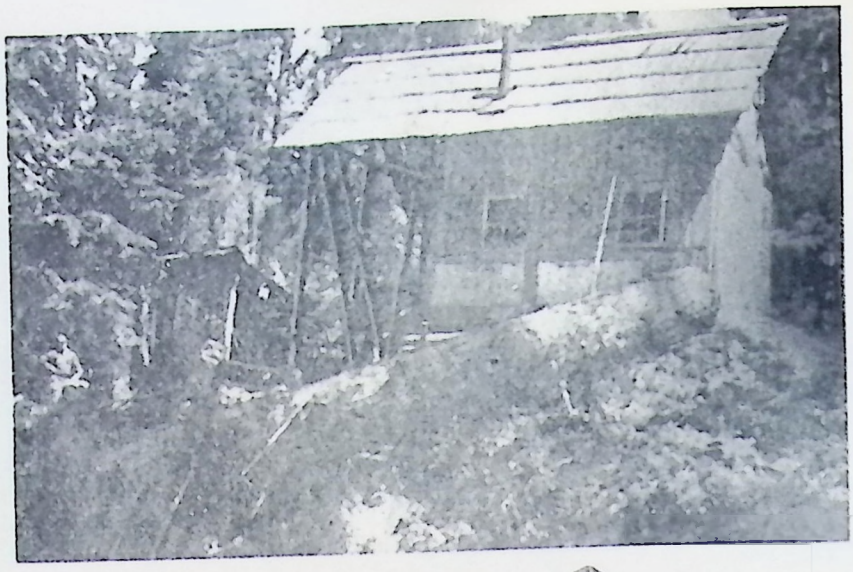
Officer Offenbacher was greatly affected by the tragedy. His wife, Dorland, said he came home the next day after the killing and sat at the kitchen table and cried. He never spoke of the incident even to his family and they learned not to ask.

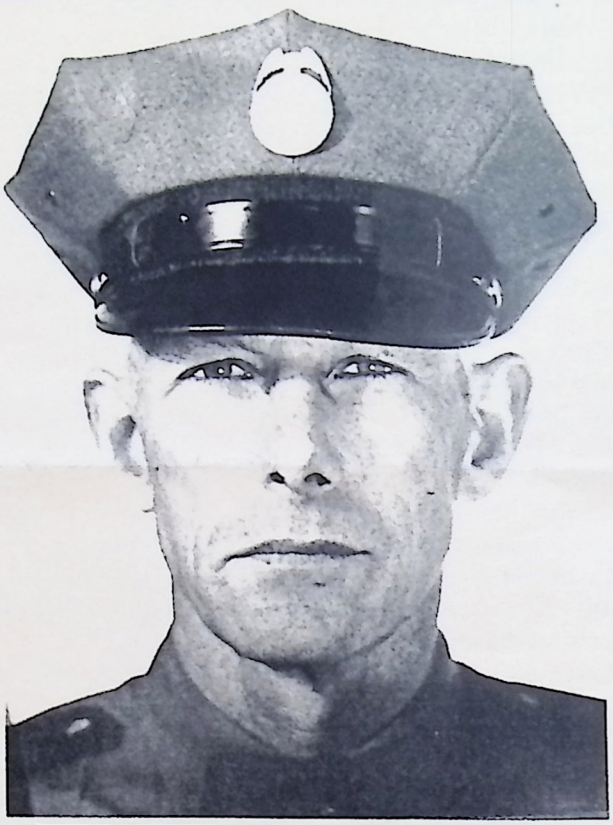
A few years later, a Grants Pass officer was visiting the prison and he noticed an old man sitting near the fence with a blanket. The cons were very helpful and attentive to the man. The officer learned the old man was Dunkin and that the cons treated him like a king for killing an officer.

After many years, Dunkin was offered parole. One of his relatives in California agreed to take him home. However, Dunkin refused parole and wanted to stay in prison. He called it "home." Dunkin died at the state penitentiary Feb. 6, 1967 at age 82.

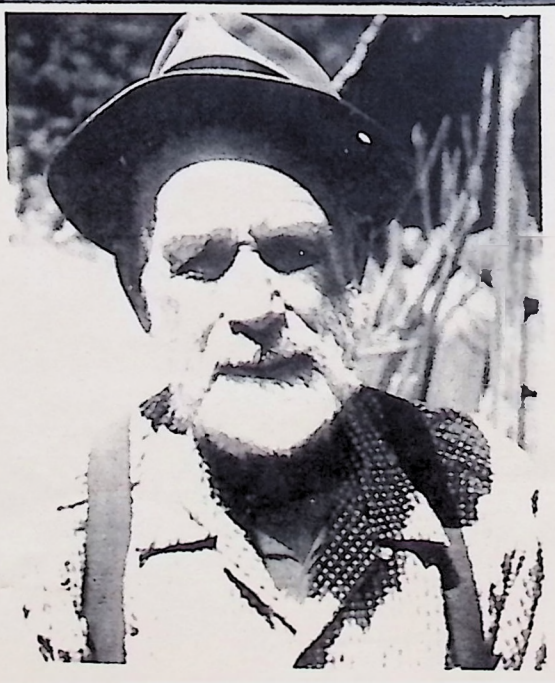
References

Medford Mail Tribune June 24, 26, July 3, 4, 10, 18, 21-24, 31, Aug. 1, 4, 5, Sept. 18, 19, 22, 26, 1952. Ashland Tidings Sept. 18-19, 1952. Officers Report, Oregon State Police June 26, July 17, 1952, Sept. 26, 1952. Dept. of State Police Medford, Ore. reports, July 1-3, 11, 14, Aug. 1, 5, 9, 1952. Jackson Co. Ct. &. Criminal Records No. 52-474 C Box 109 pgs. 40, 111 .Interview Ron Jones, Oregon State Police, Grants Pass. Dorland Offenbacher and Fay Holley.





Top: (Poor photo taken from an old newspaper) Dunkin's cabin and the log in front where Dunkin injured his leg. The cabin was burned by the state officers to prevent Dunkin from returning and using it as a fortress.
Right: Officer Lowd.
Below: Fred Altland, the caretaker of the Al Serena Mine. Dunkin had an intense dislike for him.



Rare photos: Top: inside Salter's Hardware (was located on lot 173 W Main Creative Cuts). The hardware was built in 1911 and later purchased by Roy Ashpole. He operated it until he bought Von der Hellen's brick hardware across the street.

Bottom: taken in 1910. On the left is 335 N. Royal built (C) 1900 . Look closely for "Browns" merchandise store, and in the far distance A. J. Daley's Cash Store. The Butte Creek Mill would be out of sight to the right of the photo. Photos from the Ashpole collection. Donated by Lois Stanley.

Comments from our visitors

"I fell in love with this place. I love old things." Judy Dodd

"Nicest museum I've been in—clean, light and articles very well displayed." Ernie & Ester Sanderson, Coos Bay Or.

"I get lost in museums (usually), but this one is so beautifully displayed you shouldn't miss anything. Something for everyone. I can't believe this marvelous job of setting up. Thanks for a great experience." ArBelle Sikes, Friday Harbor WA.

"This is my idea of a true museum! Well displayed in the old fashioned way. Takes me back to the days when the Jacksonville Museum displayed in this same manner. This is a real credit to the county." Mel Cotton.

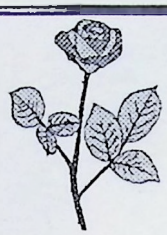
"This is the most interesting museum I have ever been in. Thanks," Nancy Smeswed.

"Clean, tidy, a joy to see. Keep up the good work!" Sue, Rogue River Press, Rogue River, Or.

"Very well done, organized and clean"

"Thank you for allowing us to see a little of the past. You have a wonderful, organized, clean and very impressive museum." Sharon Starr

"Fascinating little museum; delightfully friendly volunteers; I enjoyed every minute in E.P." LNC.



Garden News

Gerry Craver picked a flower garden spot and placed a blue & white plaque in memory of Barbara Hegne's daughter, Cheryl.

Alma Spicer gave Barbara Hegne a "Ginger Rogers Rose" in memory of the recent death of Barbara's daughter. It was planted in Cheryl's Garden. The following paragraph is from the book "Ginger: My Story", "During that same summer, the Irish Rose Growers Association honored me by naming a rose after me. This was a newly created rose in salmon pink color. When they were showing me the new "Ginger Rogers" rose at a flower show in London, the Queen Mother was also viewing the beautiful flowers. My hosts, Christopher and Eileen Mann, offered to introduce me to her. I was delighted.

Soon we were shaking hands and admiring my rose.

"It's a lovely rose, " she said.

"I'm very proud to have a rose named after me, " I replied.

Native American Program Scheduled

Parents, you won't want to miss our Native American Program July 11 at 11:am. Bring your family so they can participate in the fun and educational activities.

News Notes

Ken Beebe and one of his crew, put the base of our old Eagle Point fire hydrant in concrete. Now it won't sway when the wind blows.

Ernie Redington made a wooden box for the concrete mold for our capsule plaque and several plastic stands for our story book doll display. He also put up a rose trellis and helped us identify the many tools in our display case so we could catalog them.

Don Reynolds keeps the lawn and surrounding area cut.

Larry Vaughn goes the extra mile to make purchases for the museum. He always gets the best quality, and the best buy for the money. In addition, he installed our new handicapped toilet.

Robert Blackburn donated an old wagon wheel to the museum. Rick Chamberlain and his son, Levi hauled the wagon wheel to the museum and set it up in the Cheryl Hegne Garden.

Don Reynolds keeps our lawn mowed and the weeds cut short.

Thanks to All !

New Historical Brochure Your Guide to Jackson County's Past

Charming old school houses. Ghost towns. Stately covered bridges. Gold mining trails. Beautiful parks. *Historic Discover Drives* will bring you face to face with Jackson County's historic treasures just waiting to be discovered. From Ashland to Buncom, Eagle Point to Woodville, *Historic Discover Drives* is 32 pages of daytrips into Jackson County's past.

Historic Discovery Drives has been created through the efforts of the following organizations: Applegate Valley Historical Society, Big Butte Historical Society, Buncom Historical Society, Camp White Historical Association, Eagle Point Historical Society, Gold Historical Society & Museum, Lake Creek Historical Society,Southern Oregon Historical Society, Talent Historical Society, Upper Rogue Historical Society, and Woodville Museum, Inc., and is funded in part by the Jackson County Historical Fund.

Barbara Hegne, curator of the Eagle Point Historical Society wrote the segments on Prospect Hotel and the Butte Creek Mill.

Pick up your free brochure at any of the above societies, visitors centers and local Chamber of Commerce.

Donations

Alma & Bill Spicer donated the Cyrus K. Holliday Train Bell. Baltimore & Ohio, on a Baldwin style 060 switch engine also an ashtray & brochure. Dorothy McDougall, muslin child's book, umbrellas, lamp, and Sarah Robinett Coy's black wedding slip. Jess Harnan, a seed separator machine. Ken Beebe donated a logging sawmill video tape. Melva Cushman Smith, and her sister, Ivorene Carlson donated their mother's crocheted collection of story book dolls. The collection filled an entire case. The dolls represent story books and various nationalities. (*continued page11).

Ribbon cutting for the Upper Rogue Historical Society took place May 24. The old Trail Creek Tavern has been acquired and set up as a society & museum. Bob Sanderson, with his back to the camera, is joined by a group of interested people. President, Jim Collier under the museum sign heads up the opening. Far right, dressed in old fashion garb, is Helen Hedgepath, Beverly Clarke and Barbara Fry.

Standing behind the sign, Dedication of the "Lonesome Hickory Tree" is John and Marguerita Black. John's family came to the upper Rogue area to settle in 1865. The tree was planted in 1866. It is located across from the #18 mile mark below Shady Cove, Ore.

An Educational Native American Program

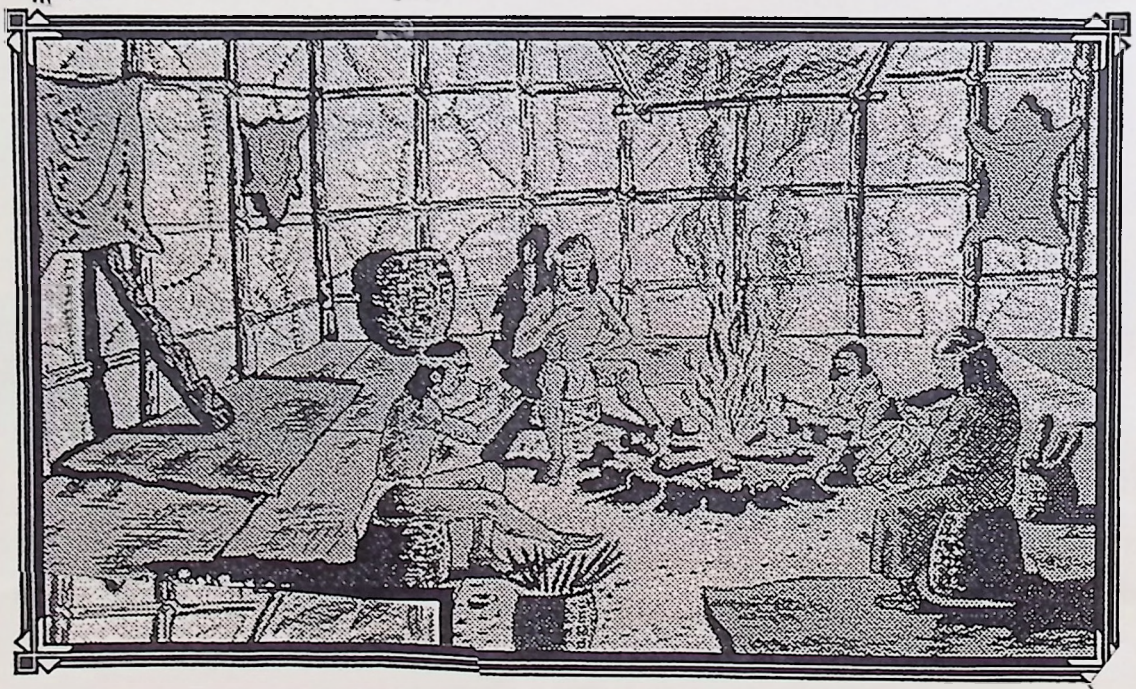
To Be Held At The Eagle Point Museum

GAMES
CRAFTS

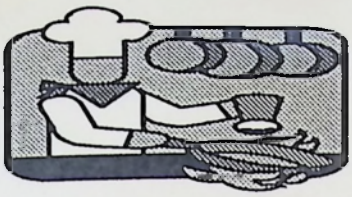
DANCES
SONGS &
STORIES

A fun program sponsored by the Southern Oregon Historical Society and hosted by the Eagle Point Historical Society will be held July 11, at 11:00 am, at the Eagle Point Museum. A Coos Indian will be training some of our Junior Historians to perform Native American Dances, songs and stories. And the historians in turn, will train the children who attend the program.

Parent's, Bring Your Children It's Free



For further information call the museum at 826-4166



Meetings, Fun and Refreshments Are In Order

You are invited to attend our monthly meetings held the 2nd Monday of each month at 7pm. After each meeting, refreshments are served. Come join us in planning the historical future of Eagle Point Historical Society & Museum. You do not have to be a member to attend.

The Annual Potluck and election of board members is set for August 11, 1997. Names ending in A to H bring salad, I to Q bring dessert R to Z bring main dish. Event begins at 6:30 PM with food, then introductions and a short business meeting. The public is invited to our potluck. We will be voting for three board members. You must be a member in good standing for 30 days to vote.

*More Donations Continued

Gerry Craver donated her father's Purple Heart Metal. Belonged to PVT. John Frederick Rausch III of the 110th Machine Gun Battalion American Expeditionary Forces, serving in France 1917-1919. He was gassed while charging and destroying a German stronghold in the Alsace area. He was reported as dead by hospital staff, but recovered despite serious wounds and having lost one and a half lungs. Gerry also donated his belt buckle of the 110th Machine Gun Battalion. Jack & Helen Brophy large portraits of Thomas Evert Nichols and his wife Louisa Bradley.

MEMBERSHIP DRIVE

July is our annual Membership Drive. Please join our organization or get a membership for a friend. You will receive our bi-monthly publication. We will again be putting out baskets for name drawing for young peoples membership. These youngsters will be supported by our present membership. If you would like to support an interested youngster, send in an extra $5 or $7.50 to cover their membership.

Welcome new members Mary Nickell Ciaccia, Kenneth & Niona Nichols, Mickey & Sharon Warner J. Fuhrman and Gwen Sullivan.

Board Members

Don Reynolds, President
Wayne Jackson, Vice President
Larry Vaughn, Treasurer
Carol Reynolds, Secretary

Board Members:

Amy Dawson
Ernie Redington
Ken Beebe
Barbara Hegne, Chief Administrative Officer

Committees:

Virginia Cutler, History News
Gerry Craver, Volunteers
Betty Bedingfield, Parliamentarian
Norma Kuyper & Don Reynolds, Cemetery
Helen Wolgamott & Gerry Craver, Grounds
Amy Dawson, Hostess
Barbara Hegne, Membership

May, June Volunteers

Don Reynolds
Beryl Hickson
Arlene Hoffman
Midge Harnish
Helen Wolgamott
Sharon Barker
Virginia Cutler
Carol Reynolds
Mazie Neece
Inita Kaiser
Ernie Redington
Sharon Vail
Tina Redington
Gerry Craver
Ann Brookins
Lynn Helgedalen
Katy Stanek
Ken Beebe

Employees

Barbara Hegne
Melba Smith
Katy stanek

Membership:
Teens $5.00
Single $7.50
Husband & Wife $12.50
Business $10
Lifetime $100

Summer Hours:
Beginning May 12, 1997
Mon. Wed. & Sat: 10 am-4pm
Tues. Thurs. Fri. & Sunday
Noon to 4pm
We will gladly open other hours with sufficient notice. Call Barbara 826-9725 or Museum 826-4166

Join Our Family Tree

We are located in the historic district of Eagle Point, Oregon, between the Old Antelope Covered Bridge and the Butte Creek Mill on North Royal.
ADMISSION FREE

Eagle Point Historical Society
P. O. Box 201
Eagle Point, Oregon 97524

Non-Profit Organization
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